

The Lancaster Gazette.

THE CITY OF LANCASTER.

SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 26, 1855
[From Mr. May's Autobiography.]
INTERESTING REMINISCENCE OF
MR. HENRY CLAY.

representative of republican royalty," as the Yankee designated the statesman, consoled the passengers with laughter. Mr. Clay joined in the contagious merriment. Dreaming that these personalities might give offence, I took a step to whisper to him the Yankee's history, and the name which he inherited from his father. Mr. Clay hear fly lent himself to the joke.

On the day that we reached Louisville, the passengers requested me to present our eminent countryman with some posthumous tribute in commemoration of our journey. I wrote an impromptu song, which was set to music by Mr. Davenport, and sang by him when the passengers assembled in the cabin to take farewell of the statesman.

Mr. Clay made a point of publicly and very graciously thanking Mr. Davenport for the genuine diversion his talents had afforded us all. He wrote in his pocket-book a few kind and complimentary lines, of which the gratified actor might well be proud.

We were stepping on the shore, when Mr. Clay came up to me, and said, "I have just been very much touched. You know the owners and officers of this boat are all

democrats yet they have refused to take any fare from me or my party. I don't know when a trifling circumstance has moved me so much." The tears were standing in his eyes as he spoke.

I received two visits from him during the day we were in Louisville. He then travelled to Lexington, and we took the steamboat to Cincinnati. We exchanged several letters after this, and I had many evidences that his interest remained unabated; but we never met again. The next time I visited Louisville, my drawing-room window in the hotel was decked in remembrance of Henry Clay; for his funeral procession was passing through the streets.

FINAL TO A COURTSHIP.—"Flora—Ah! dearest Flora—I am come—to—oh you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora."

"I see you Malcolm, perfectly. You are some you meet; interesting intelligence, certainly!" "Oh, Flora I come to—"

"To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?"

"Will it do like a man if you can, and not like a monkey?"

"I beg take your self-possession," exclaimed I suddenly starting from my knees, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of Madame de Mailly Fraser, "you make me ashamed of myself."

"Proceed, sir."

"You like brevity, it would seem."

"Then—will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"You may take it."

I took the proffered kiss.

"Now this is going to work rationally," said Flora; "when a thing is to be said, why might it not be said in two seconds, instead of stammering and stammering two hours about it? Oh, how cordially do I hate all *noiseira*!" exclaimed the merry maiden, clapping her hands energetically.

"Well, then," said I, thumbing apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?"

TRUTH.—We find the following in the Boston *Vesper*:

If you observe a gentleman with his arm around the waist of a young lady, it is morally certain that they are not married. Whenever you see a lady and gentleman in a cab, each looking out of a different window, be convinced that they are perfectly harmless, for they have been married months at least.

I answered that I would not. It was six years before I saw Memphis once more; but I kept my word. My appearance was rendered a brief one through sudden indisposition. I remember with regret the improbability that I shall ever stand before a genial Memphis audience again.

Henry Clay passed a large portion of his time in the ladies' saloon. The bearing of our lofty-minded statesman, though always dignified, was characterized by extreme courtesy—courtesy to the lowest as well as the highest. He conversed freely upon all subjects, and with the fluency for which he was distinguished.

"Aged ears play treat with bairns, And young bairns were quite ravelled wi' their disrouses."

We were one day discussing Lafayette's visit to this country. Some jocular estimate was made of the number of ladies whom he had affectionately saluted. Clay remarked, that "kissing was like the Presidency; it was not to be sought, and not to be denied." The natural inference from this remark was, that he would not oppose the wishes of his party if they again saluted his name as a presidential candidate. The conclusion did not prove erroneous.

He recounted to me a number of anecdotes illustrative of the manner in which his friends demonstrated their grief at the great whig defeat. Some of the most pathetic of these stories had still a touch of the ludicrous; but he seemed to feel most deeply the manifestations of attachment of which he was the object.

Many of the passengers exerted themselves to entertain a fellow-traveller whom every one seemed to treat as his own particular and honored guest; but none contributed so largely to his amusement as Mr. Davenport. He sang comic, patriotic, and sentimental songs, and recited humorous sketches, in which five or six different characters were personated. One evening he entered the saloon disguised as a "down-east" Yankee. I must say, by way of parenthesis, that his Yankee was a stage representation of the reality. He wore a red wig, striped pantaloons that maintained a respectable distance from his ankles, a short jacket, and a flame-colored cravat. He carried his hands deeply thrust in his pockets, as though they had an evident inclination to approach his knees. His "long long" gait could only have originated in New England.

He was not recognized when he entered the cabin. The passengers supposed him to be some person who had just come on board. He commenced talking, with a nasal intonation, in a loud and familiar manner, and asking "oceans of questions." He gave Mr. Mowatt (who was in the secret) a nudge, and coaxed him with, "Stranger, I hear that's Harry Clay. I guess I'll corrupt acquaintances with him if so I'll do the polite thing."

Mowatt presented the Yankee gentleman to Mr. Clay. The impudent speecher of the "downeast" to the best

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It was a singular fact, that when we were in Louisville, Mr. Clay was the only man who had a single ticket in his pocket-book, while all the others had several.

He related to me an anecdote in painful illustration of this peculiarity. He was making some public address—I think it was a Fourth of July oration—during the course of which he purposed quoting the well-known lines:

"Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Declining warmly, he gave enthusiastic utterance to the line—

"Who never to himself hath said,
I have a soul so dead."

But the poetic page suddenly became blank—he could not remember another word. He paused—then referred to his forehead, trying to think what the maddest, "whose soul was dead"—but the evidence of that individual's torpid essence would not develop itself in metra. For the third time he asked the question emphatically, not to say despairingly—

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